

WHEN THE HUNT WAS UP

By EDGAR D. PRICE

Copyright, 1903, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate

There had been a painful scene and they had parted forever. Geraldine had carried herself well and had returned the ring with an air of such positive relief that Arthur could not contain himself, and had rushed from her presence to find a place where he could give free vent to his feelings. His man David was packing, and he proposed returning to New York with the dogs, and from there—oh, hang it all, what was the use of planning? His life was blasted.

In another part of the Southampton "cottage" a girl sat dabbling her red eyes with cologne water, while her hostess vainly offered consolation.

"It's quite the thing in fox hunting, I assure you, Jerry," she said helplessly.

"It may be quite the thing to be cruel and cut-cut the poor little helpless thing's tail off, but the man that did it shall never marry me," declared Geraldine with momentary spirit.

"But the fox was dead before he did it, you know," said the good lady.

"Yes; killed by a pack of horrid dogs urged on by people who will have much to answer for hereafter," wept the girl. "Don't ask me to see him again; I'm going to take the afternoon train to New York and leave him here to revel in butchery."

The cause of all this woe was a Shinnecock hills fox hunt, with a real fox instead of an unseed bag. Reynard had led the field a glorious chase, doubling and twisting times without number, only at last to succumb to the hounds. Foremost in the hunt had been that ardent fox hunter, Arthur Chamberlain, who at the death had dashed in among the dogs and secured the "brush" in the most approved fashion, to lay it at his ladylove's feet. The lady so honored unluckily had no appreciation of the act. In fact, her sympathies were distinctly with the fox, and there had been a warm scene, with the results as above noted.

No Geraldine appeared at lunch. Shortly after that Arthur took leave of his hostess, who discreetly forbore to tell him his ex-lamora was about to leave on the same train, and, whistling for the two foxhounds Toby and Dan, he moodily strode off to the depot. He was taking his seat in the chair car when a carriage dashed up and a lady alighted and entered the same car. Their eyes met. The lady primly inclined her head and deliberately turned her chair until only the top of her head was visible. The young man ground his teeth.

Miss Geraldine lived up town on the west side of New York in a street numbered among the sixties. Mr. Chamberlain lived on the next block. In fact, the backs of Miss Geraldine's home and the gentleman's bachelor apartments almost faced each other. The block was a solid rectangle built up with brownstone dwellings on the side streets and business places on the avenues, and the roofs, separated by low parapets, were famous places for clothes drying and star gazing.

Arrived in New York, the young gentleman hesitated in doubt of what course to pursue. But Miss Geraldine solved his difficulties by calling an electric hansom and bowling off without a look in his direction.

She found no one home but a servant or two, and after a dismal dinner she sought her apartments to water her couch with tears. Arthur after a tour of the clubs returned, to his dwelling with three other desperate souls and proceeded to make a night of it at poker. Toby and Dan, stowed by the thoughtful David in a packing box on the roof, snuffled and yapped in lazy content.

The hours passed; the rattle of chips sounded continuously in the hot room, and David was kept busy making and passing around cooling drinks. Over the silent roofs a late moon rose and bathed them with soft light, the dividing parapets casting black shadows. Into this scene of peace came a smaller shadow, trotting across the lighted spaces and leaping the obstructions. In an instant the dreaming hounds were astir. In another instant a black streak was making along the roofs with the two hounds after it in full cry.

The poker party came to a sudden end, and the youths frantically made for the roof.

"It's a cat! No, by the Lord, it's a fox!" cried the doughty fox hunter as a black streak with the hounds in pursuit, having made the four sides of the block, came sweeping past. Laughing and stumbling, leaping parapets and catching chins in invisible clotheslines, the four madly followed the chase. Roused by the trampling on the roofs, heads appeared at windows and tremulous cries were made for the police. Far below in the streets plunged in darkness a shrill whistle was heard. Once again pursued and pursuers made their way round the block. The eager hounds were closing fast upon their quarry, when suddenly fox and hounds disappeared.

There were policemen on the roofs now, revolvers in hand, searching for the cause of the uproar. By common consent the four fox hunters abandoned the chase and made a silent return to Arthur's quarters, wondering at the swallowing up of the hunt. Their wonderment was of short duration, for repressed screams were heard from the other side of the block, and the bell connected from the front door to the bachelor apartments violently. Arthur sprang to the

speaking tube and called, "Who's there?"

"It's Anne—Miss Geraldine's maid," an agitated voice replied. "Oh, Mr. Chamberlain, come to our house quick! There's a terrible animal in Miss Geraldine's room and two great mad dogs!"

Arthur had heard enough. In an instant he was flying downstairs four steps at a time and running madly to the opposite side of the block. The house door stood open, and the cook and waitress were whimpering on the steps. No need to ask where Miss Geraldine's room was, for from above came a pandemonium such as two maddened and baffled hounds alone could make. Rushing in, Arthur descended the two dogs making wild efforts to seize a dark object showing gleaming white teeth from the top of a wardrobe. Tipping the heavy piece of furniture, the dark object slipped unwillingly to the floor, where the two hounds pounced on it, and in another instant a dead red fox lay on the floor.

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Miss Geraldine," said Arthur wickedly, kicking the dogs away from the fox.

"Oh-h, Arthur, is it you?" said a fearful voice under the bedclothes. "Take care! The horrid thing will bite you!"

"The horrid thing is only a poor little helpless fox," and he's dead as a doornail. I'm going to cut his tail off," declared Arthur heartlessly.

"Cut the brute's head off if you want to," came the unexpected reply. "And now, Arthur, dear, please go away and—call and see me in the morning."

"Where did the creature come from?" asked the blushing Geraldine the next morning. There had been explanations, and Arthur was holding a hand on which a certain ring again sparkled.

"From a bird and animal store around on the avenue. A man called to see me bright and early this morning with a bill for 'one red fox, \$50; cheap enough,' said the happy Arthur. 'Oh, by the bye,' fishing in his coat-tail pocket, 'I've brought you the brush.'"

"We'll have it mounted for a souvenir," said the hater of fox hunting.

Toole Was Fooled.

Bret Harte was often asked to write his autobiography, and it is said that the idea had taken possession of his mind in his later years, but not a line of it did he write. It would have been worth reading, for the author knew most of the interesting people of his time. There is an amusing story told by J. L. Toole, the English actor, of a luncheon with Harte: "After a greeting from my host he said, 'Let me introduce you to the Duke of St. Albans.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, with a smile, and shook hands with the gentleman who was assuming that character, as I thought. Then he introduced me to Sir George Trevelyan, and I had hardly shaken hands with him when my host said, 'I would like to introduce you to Count Pismark.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, bowing to the newcomer. 'How many more of you are there?' There is Von Moltke, for instance? Bret Harte laughed; so did Trevelyan. A comedian is allowed certain privileges, and my remark was considered, I dare say, more or less complimentary; but I had no idea what a fool I was making of myself. At luncheon I said to the man who sat next me, 'Who is the gentleman Harte introduced me to as St. Albans?' 'The Duke of St. Albans,' he replied. 'And the man opposite?' 'Herbert Bismark, the prince's son.' 'No,' I said. 'Really?' 'Oh, yes,' he said. 'And the man talking to him?' 'That is Sir George Trevelyan.' I was never more sold in my life."

Swallows' Nest.

Two swallows, writes a correspondent of an English paper, built their nest in an outhouse, and the hen laid five eggs. Before they were hatched she was killed by knocking her head against the lintel of the door. For a month the nest remained unused and deserted, the eggs cold. After that time the cock bird found another mate, and he and the little hen were very busy for a few days bringing fresh hay and mud to the nest. I did not like to watch too closely, but I certainly wondered what they were doing to the eggs, as no traces of broken eggshell, etc., were to be seen on the ground. I let them bring up their young brood undisturbed and then removed the nest (it was getting late in the season), when I discovered that they had built a false bottom to it, with a new edging of mud to hold the hay together, and that the new family was brought up above the cold eggs. The false bottom, with mud attached, was easily lifted off, the cold eggs being found intact beneath. I do not know if this is a common occurrence. I have not come across it before.

An Equal Test.

It is an interesting fact that the two studies of arithmetic and geography often seem to be opposed to each other in the affections of school children. Pupils who are particularly proficient in the one are apt to be backward in the other.

A story is told of a youngster who was slow in arithmetic and whose apparent stupidity in this field was a great source of grief to his father, a clever mathematician.

One day when the father and son were walking out they passed a place where a "learned pig" was on exhibition, and the father took the boy in to see the prodigies that the animal could perform.

"Just look at that!" said the father. "Why, there's a pig that can count and add up numbers! Don't you wish you were as smart as he?"

"Ha!" answered the boy. "Just let me ask him a few questions in geography. I reckon I could beat him at that!"

DR. WM. H. VAN GILSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 393 Franklin Street, opp. Washington Avenue,
Office Hours: 9 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 P. M., and 7 to 9 P. M.
Telephone call Bloomfield 23.

DR. F. G. SHAUL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 70 Washington St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: Until 9:30 A. M.; 12 to 2:30 P. M., 5 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1-F.

DR. GILE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office: 537 Bloomfield Avenue, opposite Conger Street.
Hours: 9 to 10 A. M., 4 to 7 P. M.

S. C. HAMILTON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
No. 32 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Telephone No. 681—Bloomfield.

DR. W. F. HARRISON,
Office and Residence:
329 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.
Office Hours: 9 to 10:30 A. M., 5 to 8 P. M.
Telephone No. 1254—Montclair.

CHAS. H. HALFPENNY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office: 800 BROAD STREET, NEWARK.
Residence, Lawrence Street, Bloomfield

PILCH & PILCH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
22 CLINTON STREET, NEWARK, N. J.
Residence of F. B. Pilch, 78 Watceasing Avenue.

HALSEY M. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office, 750 Broad St., Newark.
Residence, Elm St., Bloomfield.

CHARLES F. KOCHER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
NEWARK: BLOOMFIELD:
Prudential Building. 285 Bloomfield Avenue.

WM. DOUGLAS MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE: New York City.
149 Broadway, Residence, 12 Austin Place,
Bloomfield, N. J.

GALLAGHER & KIRKPATRICK,
LAW OFFICES,
765 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
JOS. D. GALLAGHER, J. BAYARD KIRKPATRICK.
Residence of J. D. Gallagher, Ridgewood Ave.,
Glen Ridge.

J. F. CAPEN,
ARCHITECT.
764 Broad Street, Cor. Market Street, Newark.
Residence: 876 Franklin Street, Bloomfield.

DAVID P. LYALL,
PIANO-TUNER,
88 Monroe Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
LOCK BOX 144

A. H. OLMSTED,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Office, National Bank Building.
Residence: 279 Belleville Avenue,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

WM. J. MAIER,
TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO.
Music furnished for Weddings, Receptions, etc.
385 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE,
Bloomfield, N. J.

J. G. Keyler's Sons,
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE
Of Every Description.
Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, &c.
Also Oil Cloth, Carpet Lining, Mattings, Mattresses and Spring Beds always on hand.
Upholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

FURNITURE
Of Every Description.
Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, &c.
Also Oil Cloth, Carpet Lining, Mattings, Mattresses and Spring Beds always on hand.
Upholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE KAYNER,
deceased.
Pursuant to the order of JOSEPH W. ELLOR, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath of affirming their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

EDWIN A. BAYNES.

Benedict Bros.
NEW LOCATION.
Washington Life Insurance Building,
BROADWAY, Cor. LIBERTY ST.
NEW YORK.

The Watch and Jewelry House of Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict, the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line in this country.

The present Benedicts removed to the corner of Cortlandt Street in 1863. They have long desired to have larger and fire-proof quarters, and now have, they believe, the most attractive jewelry store in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

Their specialties are fine Watches, Diamonds and other Precious Gems.

BENEDICT BROTHERS
JEWELERS,
141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.,
NEW YORK.



FISH!
FISH!
FISH!

Fresh from Fulton Market every day.

Lobsters, Soft Crabs, Little Neck Clams, Etc.

HOPLER'S,
579 Bloomfield Avenue.

Chas. W. Hedden & Co.
UNDERTAKERS,
72 Clinton Street,
L. D. Telephone No. 59-B. BLOOMFIELD, N. J.
Everything Furnished Pertaining to the Business.

E. F. O'Neil,
PRACTICAL
HORSESHOEING,
426 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.

All interfering, overreaching, and lame horses shod in the most scientific manner and on approved principles. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Horses called for and brought home with care.

REMOVED!
Honeywell & Painter,
UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
Personal Attendance Day or Night
661 Bloomfield Ave. Cor. Washington St.
Bloomfield, N. J.
Tel. 9 f. W. H. STEVENSON, Mgr.

L. DAWKINS,
Cor. Bloomfield Ave. and Orange St.
DEALER IN
FINE GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRUITS,
Flour, Feed, Grain, Hay, &c

HARNESS AND TRUNK

NEW LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.
Coolers, Summer Lap Robes and Sheets, and Driving Gloves.
Trunks and Satchels always in Stock.

Rubber and Oiled Goods.
Trunk Repairing a Specialty. Trunks in need of Repairs called for and delivered in any part of Bloomfield or Glen Ridge free of charge.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN,
10 Broad Street, Bloomfield.

The Standard Livery and Boarding Stables,
T. H. DECKER, Proprietor,
No. 600 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE.

Large stock of good horses. Perfect Family Horses.
Gentlemen's and ladies' driving horses.
Brand New Coaches, Carriages, and Buggies of Latest and most approved styles.

First-Class Equipment in Every Respect.
If you have occasion to use a livery of any kind for any purpose, or a horse to board, furniture or baggage to move, before going elsewhere visit and examine the facilities and accommodations of the Standard Livery and Boarding Stables.

FURNITURE STORED.
Courteous Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Telephone No. 72.

JOHN G. KEYLER'S SONS,
General Furnishing
Undertakers and Embalmers.
656 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.
Everything pertaining to the Business furnished.
TELEPHONE CALL NO. 35.

There are patents, and there are PATENTS WHICH PROTECT.
We procure you the last kind unless you order otherwise.
Our preliminary searches (\$5) are very trustworthy, and free advice as to patent ability goes with them.

DRAKE & CO., Patents,
Cor. Broad & Market Sts.,
Telephone 2652. NEWARK, N. J.

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd.
Don't Skip Us
or you'll skip your best chance to save large money on every furniture and carpet want. We're the people's store glad to see anyone who values lowest prices, as well as leniency and fair dealing in the making of "terms."

4 Carpet Prices
Sure to Satisfy Things!
60c grade Brussels 53c Yd
65c grade AH-Wool Ingrains 56c Yd
94c grade Velvets 84c Yd
1.50 grade Body Brussels 1.16 Yd
New Linoleums and Oil-cloths, all widths, all patterns. Close prices.

\$5.85
The famous "Garland" refrigerator—worth \$7.50—best on market. Ice Chests, too.

\$24 for a \$35.00 Verona Plush Parlor Suit—choice and effective!

\$22 for a \$28.00 Golden Oak Suit—a remarkably beautiful suit in all ways!

Sale of Mattings
in green, brown, blue, gold colorings—carpet patterns, plaids and stripes.
Regular 20c China Matting, yd. 15c
Regular 25c China Matting, yd. 20c
Regular 30c Japan Matting, yd. 26c
Regular 35c Japan Matting, yd. 29c

AMOS H. VAN HORN, Ltd.
Be sure you see "No. 73" and first name "AMOS" before entering our store.
ACCOUNTS OPENED—EASY PAYMENTS
73 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.
Near Pine St., West of Broad St.
All billings transfer to our store.

